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The children are as good as dead. This is the future we have given to them.

THE CHILDREN ARE DEAD.



MANUAL RESISTANCE
806 LEPRECHAUN LN
PAPILLION NE 68046

TO
O
..

Poor Henry!

Every day the same street,

the same terrible walk,

and the same cross, barking dogs.

Emotional Regurgitation For The Masses



I guess it explanation time . Well kids , I'm moving to San Diego this January so goodbye (for now) . I have never really belonged in Nebraska and anyone who has known me for any long period of time will admit to that fact . I am moving to San Diego because someone asked me where I wanted to go one day and I just picked San Diego at random . The more and more I've looked into it , the better the idea looks . I'm dropping out of college (waste of time , waste of money) and I'm going to live life as it comes . I'm not sure if I'm going to San Diego permanently or if I'll just stopping there on a trip around the country , but I will miss all of you that I know and love . Yes , I'll even hate you fuckwads that made my life hell while I lived in this god forbidden state . I hate winter so goodbye everyone and goodbye cold .



Life is all about dualism . I don't know how many times I change my mind about a topic . Two opposing views and all of the points inbetween . Which to choose . Is remaining consistent a sign of strength , or is it a symptom of stagnation ? I change my mind about some things daily . I am probably the most inconsistent person on this planet . I openly admit that I am a hypocrite . I say something one day , I change my mind 180 degrees the next . So when you see two obvious conflicting viewpoints spouted by me , maybe it's because I believe both are true . Deal with it . If you don't like it and think that I'm a cop-out for it then don't listen to me , don't buy my zine , and be sure to tell everyone what a hypocrite I am (Oops , you'd do that even if I hadn't asked you to , let's hear it for scene unity) .

I was raised to like people . As I was growing up my parents told me that people were good and that the only bad people in the world were sinners and undesirables (the homeless , minorities , punks , etc .) . I spent the first couple years of my life blissfully believing that , and then I hit grade school . People in grade school hated me for the stupidest reasons , like the way I dressed , the fact that I was new , or the fact that I was bad at sports . And it wasn't just a couple of people who hated me . It was the entire school . Even the so-called friends I did have treated me like shit whenever the stakes got too high . This shook my confidence , but I kept on believing in people . It took 8 years of this bullshit for me to change my mind . People sucked , I realized . I had had enough . So I was an asshole for two years , I didn't trust anyone . I even stopped listening to people when they talked to me . During this period , I found punk rock and all of the new ideas and experiences that came with it . I found a channel for all of the shit handed to me by the world (before that , all I had was my bad poetry) . I started noticing the good aspects of life through all of the new ideas presented to me . Heck , I even started to trust some people again , but this time I was suspicious of them . I noticed that some of the people I trusted would turn around and stab me in the back , but some people would turn around and return my trust and give me respect and friendship . Some people would play games and some people would be open and honest . Some people do cool things , some people suck . I wish life was easier to figure out .



Lately , I've been noticing something . You can't change some people's minds about being racist . People will believe whatever misconceptions they want to if it makes their life easier . Educate the young folks , because by the time they are older , it takes divine intervention for most people to open themselves up to different races , lifestyles , or cultures .

My room mate Kyle wrote a story for his English class that was based on a real life incident . He changed the names of the people involved and made the entire story much more innocent and mystic than it really was . He portrayed the punks as a bunch of wide eyed coddled kids who didn't really understand life . He laughed as he told me that he knew what the professor wanted and so he gave it to him . Isn't that a tad odd , we need to lie about what we really are to appease the system . People have lived on lies all of their lives and now they are scared of the truth . People run from reality and if anybody ever shows them the truth , that person is instantly discredited . Maybe it's just me , but I don't think that I'm all that innocent . I've seen husbands beat their wives , policemen abusing their authority , and homeless that can't rejoin society even if they want to . I've read about political scandals , mass brainwashing , and the sad state of the world today . By no means am I uninformed on many topics (even though I will be the first to admit that I am far from an expert in any one field of study) . After what I've seen and heard , I feel that innocence is a luxury . So if I seem care-free , it's because I've learned that your fucked up world isn't my world . I've learned to enjoy my life . I've learned what really matters . The only problem I have is all of the neurotic complexes that I got from growing up in your world .

I hate the general populace . I don't hate the individuals . I hate all of the people . I have a theory that when people are in a society , they can be considered an entirely different entity than when people are by themselves . Basically it is the theory of group mentality , but I am applying it to entire society . Put an individual from society in a situation , he will act differently than an individual will . This applies to both mainstream and counter culture societies . All I need to reassure my hate for these people is to go and sit in any public area for an hour . Just watch the morons walk on by . See the stupid faces . Listen to their lame attempts to converse with one another . It's enough to make you hope for World War III . These people are all fucking retards . Sure a nice or smart person might pass by but it's one in a thousand that is actually a neat person . The majority of these people have not a thought in their fucking collective heads . These people blow , and somehow I have the feeling that Nebraska isn't alone in this aspect . From what I've seen and read , these morons are everywhere . Help ! I'm drowning in a sea of idiots !

Everybody has moments that they will never forget . Some people will never forget the time they scored the winning run in the championship baseball game . Some people will never forget the day they turned sixteen and their mom and dad bought them a new car as a gift . While other people will never forget the time they first made love with their childhood sweetheart . The one event that I will never forget is a much more tragic occurrence than any of the previous victories I have mentioned . I will never forget the day that a policeman beat the living crap out of me .

It was a temperate summer evening . The air was dry and hot but in no way unpleasant . I was hanging out downtown with my friends , chuckling at the people in suits walking by as they scurried to their expensive business dinners with their important clients . The staircase we used to sit on and watch people go by led to a business that closed down years ago . Now the staircase was rusty from neglect and the storefront had become a display of fliers for punk rock shows , graffiti , and old duct tape . Broken glass from beer bottles surrounded the staircase on both sides .

As the sun slowly set over the skyline I asked my friends if anyone knew the time . Someone checked their watch and told me it was around eight . The announcement of the time sent everyone in a panic to find their keys and get going . You see , at ten there was a party at Kings Lake and anyone who was anyone showed up to the parties at Kings Lake . It took about an hour to get out to Kings Lake and the majority of us promised to pick up other people .

I had my keys handy from the anticipation , so the second that Stone chimed out the time I was already halfway down the block . As I was walking towards my car I saw two cops in front of me yell out , "Hey you kids ! Stay put !" I figured that he meant the group and not me , so I continued down the sidewalk . One of the friendly officers showed me that my assumption had been false by pushing me up against one of the metal fences that lined the streets . "That means you faggot !" he growled .

"I'm sorry , " I said . "I thought you meant them ."

"Nope, this is for all you kids who are hanging out down here tonight." As he said this he started poking my chest with his chubby fingers.

"Well I'm not hanging out here tonight, I was just leaving."

"It doesn't look like you were just leaving." He replied in a mocking tone.

A little bit furious I said, "Look at my hand. Do you see my keys in them? Usually when people have their keys in their hands they are making a journey to their cars to depart from the premises." He was still poking me and my chest was starting to get extremely sore.

"I don't care if you had been leaving or not, you're going to sit here and listen!"

"I'm sorry but I really have to get going or else I'm going to be late." At this point I was somewhat hysterical. I had always gotten hassled by police officers, but this guy was still poking my chest and he was about two centimeters from my face.

"That's it! You're coming with me!" he yelled as he reached for my hands.

"Get your hands off me!" I screamed as I knocked his hands away. I sidestepped him and took a few steps. I desperately needed to just get away from this situation because I was extremely rattled and when I'm not thinking clearly, I start getting into trouble. All of a sudden, I felt a heavy weight on my back and I went crashing to the pavement face first.

"Put your hands in the air, you fucker!" the officer barked at me as he smeared my face into the ground. I could feel his weight on my back as I lay there prostrate. I shot my hands into the air and heard him exclaim, "God Dammit!" Later on I would find out that I scratched his nose with my keys as my hands went up. He slapped his cuffs on me while his partner rejoined him. They dragged me onto my feet as the partner yelled, "That's an example of what's going to happen to the rest of you punks if we see you down here later on tonight."

So how does this all go back to money? There are plenty of businesses in the private sector that make a great deal of money, yet the government doesn't seem to oppose their operations. In fact, the government actually gives major corporations immense sums of money through corporate welfare, so why do they oppose the cash that is generated at these casinos? The answer, is that the government can't collect taxes off the money earned in revenues at the Native American's casinos. All profits made on the reservation are tax exempt, so that is money spent that the state and federal never sees again. The United States government wants citizens to spend their income on pursuits that they can receive taxes on. The state government knows that operating a casino is an extremely profitable business, so if there is a chance that they wouldn't receive a piece of the pie, they are going to fight it every step of the way.

There is also a more sinister reason that the American government opposes the mass generation of revenue at the reservations. If the money is pumped into the community, the community will begin to thrive. Eventually the community will begin to open businesses that will rival the businesses outside of the reservations. The businesses will be able to support themselves because of the mass amounts of capital that will be transferred inside the community. Eventually, the community will become self sufficient. That means that all the money that would be received from people from outside the reservations, would seem to disappear from the United States economy. The money would almost never be taxable again, and the Native Americans would have a healthy base to restore order to their heritage and way of life.


If the Native American community has money, they will become a political power. It is shown in history that if a minority group has money, they tend to pull the entire society the way in which they choose. If the Native Americans had political power and economic power, the American government would eventually have to admit to the atrocities that it committed against the natives of this land, and that is one of the last things that this country seems to want to do. The status quo would be severely disrupted if it was shown that this country wasn't perfect. So the American Indians' casinos could lead to a scenario in which they actually have power in this society. That is one of the last things that the American government wants.

Disjuncted . I reject the world that rejected me . But sometimes , I need to feel like I'm part of something . I need to feel like I belong . I'm not strong enough to go through all of my life alone . At least I'm strong enough to admit it .



Casinos and Indians

Do you ever wonder the real reasons that the government gives American Indians such a hard time with the casinos that they open on the reservations ? The answer that the U.S. government and the mainstream media is far from the truth . They will say that they are offended by the obvious moral violations that happen through the effects of gambling operations . They will cry out about the women and children who are neglected by the men in the community who spend their paychecks on slot machines . I will agree that these are horrid and appalling circumstances that happen , but since when did the United States government object to doing cruel and unusual actions against its populace ? No , the real reason the government opposes these establishments is because of the money that it brings in and where it goes .



The legal grounds on which the Native American tribes use to say that they can own and operate casinos stems from the 1988 Indian Gaming Regulatory Act , which many tribes say allows them to operate Class III style gambling establishments . Unfortunately , the act also requires the state to negotiate the fine lines of these agreements out . Now , as anyone knows , if politicians don't want to do something they are notoriously good at putting it off and getting it all wrapped up in red tape . For a good example of that , look at the balanced budget amendment that Congress was supposedly going to give us last term . So legally , if the government wants , it can stall indefinitely until there is enough public pressure to spur them into action .

I was charged with disorderly conduct and obstructing a peace officer . Eventually the charges against me were dropped but I was forced to complete a juvenile diversion class sponsored by the Boy Scouts . In the class I was told to love God , my parents , and my country . What a bunch of shit . Even though I was let off with a clean slate , that doesn't change the past . I had been attacked by cops for being an odd looking teenager in the wrong place at the wrong time . From that day forward I have never trusted any policeman . Everyone has had moments in their life that they will treasure always , and some of us have pain that they can never forget .



NEW TOPIC

My entire life , I was taught that I was shit . In school , I wasn't the most attentive in class , so the teachers thought I was a moron , even though my grades were good . The dating world left me behind because I have always been awkward flirting with people if I actually care about them . I was worthless to a lot of kids and adults in my younger years , because I couldn't throw a football straight or hit a baseball . My entire life , people taught me that I was human filth . I was taught that I was scum , a shit , a stain . So why did everybody get so scared when I started to look like one ? When I made a conscious decision to reject their ideas of what a kid should look like , everybody got really quiet . I used to walk down the street and people would scoff at me , now when people see me walking by , they move out of my way . What happened ? Did the smell of my unshowered body overcome them ? Were they trying to get a better viewpoint to read my patches from ? No , they knew . They know that I know what they think of me . But the way I dress tells them something else . It tells them I don't care either . You see , as long as you try to look like the perfect little American boy , they will tell you that you are not good enough . They know that you want to be like them and they will squash you simply because they have the power to . They will drag you to your knees . But they become powerless when you don't play by their rules . You created your own world independent of them . You've made your own lifestyle , your own society , your own culture . And you built the foundation of this world on the smoldering ashes of theirs . They fear you . Oh god they fear you . Even if mass revolution never comes , it doesn't make a difference , because at least you won the revolution for your soul . In the end , that's all that matters .

Sex For A Day

Let's face it, if you tell someone you work in a porn shop, they laugh. It's just an interesting concept that many people are extremely uncomfortable with, but there is a very tragic side to working a job of this sort. I learned all of this from the day I worked in a porn shop.

It all started when I was out in Grand Island. A couple of my friend's bands were playing and I was busy showing Grand Island kids how to be obnoxious and irritating. I babbled about needing a job, and Larry told me that he worked at Cinema X in Lincoln. He said that they would be hiring soon and he'd put in a good word for me. I half-jokingly said that I'd be in the next day to fill out an application.

A few days later, I arrived back at my room to find two messages from Larry on my answering machine. He said that if I come down now, I was assured a job. I needed money, so I figured what the hell as I traveled down to 9th and O. I couldn't stop snickering as I filled out the application, it seemed like this was a setup for a really bad joke. I was hired the next day and I started work on Monday.

Sunday night, two girls from Omaha came down to Lincoln. I showed them the town, introduced one of them to a friend of mine upstairs (whom she later had sex with) and proceeded to have sex with the other one. To say the least, this was the most unfulfilling sex I have ever had in my life. Needless to say, this was a bad omen for my job.

I showed up around 3:45 so I had time to relax before my 4:00 shift. I guess, I was supposed to feel aroused in places like this, but surprisingly it did nothing for me. I simply shrugged and waited for my shift to start. Porn just seems way to cheesy to me I guess.

I, I, I, I. Gee, this must be the self-indulgent issue of Manual Resistance

I USUALLY HATE REVIEWS, BUT DWGSHT IS ONE OF THE BEST ZINES OUT THERE TODAY. IT COVERS PERSONAL, SOCIAL, AND POLITICAL TOPICS MAKING A WELL ROUNDED ZINE. IGNORE THE ADS, AND YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL WORK OF ART. #8 INCLUDES AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH FELIX HAVOK, ARTICLES ON THE ATTICA PRISON REVOLT AND THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, A FEW COLUMNS, AND REVIEWS. IF YOU BOUGHT MY PIECE OF CRAP ZINE, YOU CAN AT LEAST AFFORD TO SEND AWAY FOR DWGSHT.

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Enclosed please find a copy of Dwgsht 'zine #8. I am sending it to you hoping that you'll be interested in reviewing/listing it in your publication. If you do, please mention the following information:

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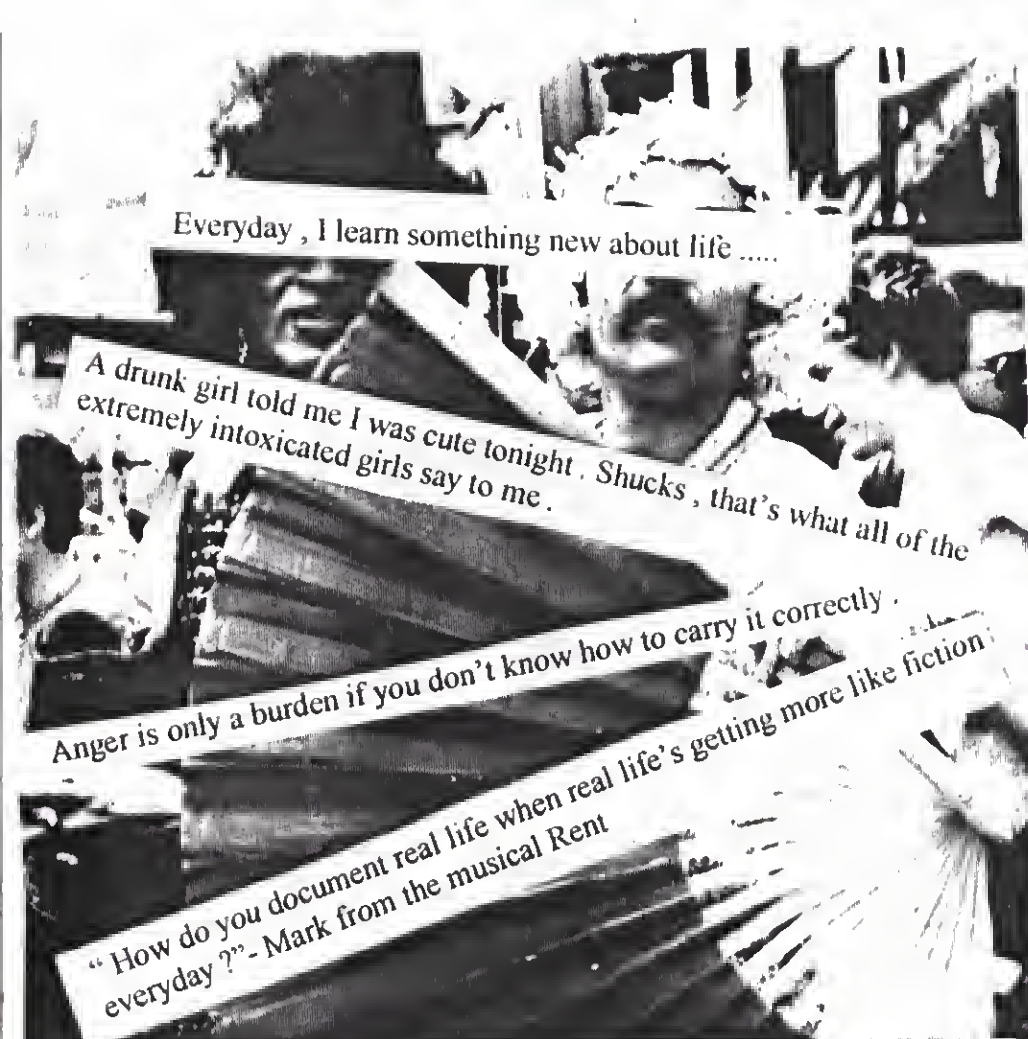
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If you could send a copy of the review or listing it would be appreciated. Thanks for the time.

STAY UP!

-Alex Coughlin / Dwgsht 'zine



Everyday , I learn something new about life

A drunk girl told me I was cute tonight . Shucks , that's what all of the extremely intoxicated girls say to me .

Anger is only a burden if you don't know how to carry it correctly .

" How do you document real life when real life's getting more like fiction everyday ?" - Mark from the musical Rent

I can't relate to many middle class kids (Note : I'm not saying this is all middle class kids , just a good deal of them .). They have absolutely no understanding of the world around them except for the plastic world they grew up in . They think that anyone who isn't in their world is either stupid , lazy , or mysterious . The majority of them truly believe that money or drugs can solve any problem . They are so blind that they can't comprehend that people or problems exist outside of their silly little world . They actually think that the fate of the world hinges on if they get a date to prom or if they get invited to the big party or some other cliched circumstance . It doesn't matter . Life will go on whether or not your pretty little life goes the way you want it too . Sorry to tell you , but the majority of people on this planet have more pressing problems than the fact that mom and dad are making you pay insurance on the car they bought you . Deal with it .

The people I worked with were nice , but something was wrong . The patrons of this establishment were dead . They had pulses (I think , I didn't check though) but they looked defeated . At first I thought it was just embarrassment , but as the night progressed , I saw more and more of these middle aged men with that look in their eyes . It wasn't embarrassment . These people lacked the joy of life (and sex for that matter) . They simply shelled out money to get comfort from air-brushed photos . They wanted the pictures to fill the void they had in lives .

The realization also hit me that porn shops represented everything that I hated about the objectification of women . Any woman that wasn't the "Barbie Doll" figure we have all had crammed down our throats was found in a fetish video or magazine . It's as if they think that finding anything but the media's ideal conception of what a woman should look like is a deviation . That totally pissed me off and made me feel like a cog in the machine . I felt that I was helping to dehumanize women simply by working there .

The job also taught me a lot about my sexuality as well . I felt strangely asexual in the store . I enjoy sex , but it seemed so overdone that I was numb to it . That's the way I feel about the majority of American society , sex is so overdone . Sex is everywhere . Sex is on TV . Sex motivates the entire fashion industry . Sex is the propaganda of choice when it comes to the advertising world . Sex is preached everywhere . Hell, sex has become our new religion and everyone knows how I feel about religion . Reject the bullshit . If you feel it , you feel it . Don't second guess your desires because what you find attractive isn't what's being sold to you on the billboards .

I quit the job after one day of working there . I decided that I am not against sex shops , I just felt that this particular one had no redeeming value . I would love to work at a shop that wasn't quite so seedy and sexist, but maybe that's a story for another day . Sex is natural , but don't force it or twist it . It can be a beautiful thing , let's keep it that way .

At some point , I stopped growing up . It seemed like I was learning and doing nothing new . I would talk and all my words had already been used before . I was a hollow shell of a human being . I was tired , god was I tired . But then it hit me . I was stilling growing , I was just growing in the wrong direction . I was focusing on what I thought I "needed to do" . I had all of these unrealistic ideas of who I should be and what I should do . All of my dreams were programmed into me by other people and by advertisements . Some of the people who said that they cared about me the most were the same people who tried to drastically change me . When I realized this , I felt betrayed . Betrayed by the advertisements that told me what was attractive and what to consume . Betrayed by the people who said they cared , but only if I'd tone it down a bit or if I changed just a thing or two about myself . Betrayed by a world that I was born into that never wanted me in the first place . Betrayed .



I dreamed I was dreaming , but I can't stay awake



I sometimes eaves-drop on other people's conversations when they are speaking in foreign languages . I like to pretend that they are telling each other gut-wrenching dark secrets that no one will ever know about except them and me . It's sort of silly I guess , but it makes me feel a little closer to the human race , and sometimes I desperately need that .

DON'T FIT IN
I WON'T FIT IN
NEVER FIT IN
Social Isolation

THE SYSTEM
THE SYSTEM
THE SYSTEM
THE SYSTEM



IS A JOKE.

IS A JOKE.

IS A JOKE.

IS A JOKE.

CAN'T IT YET?

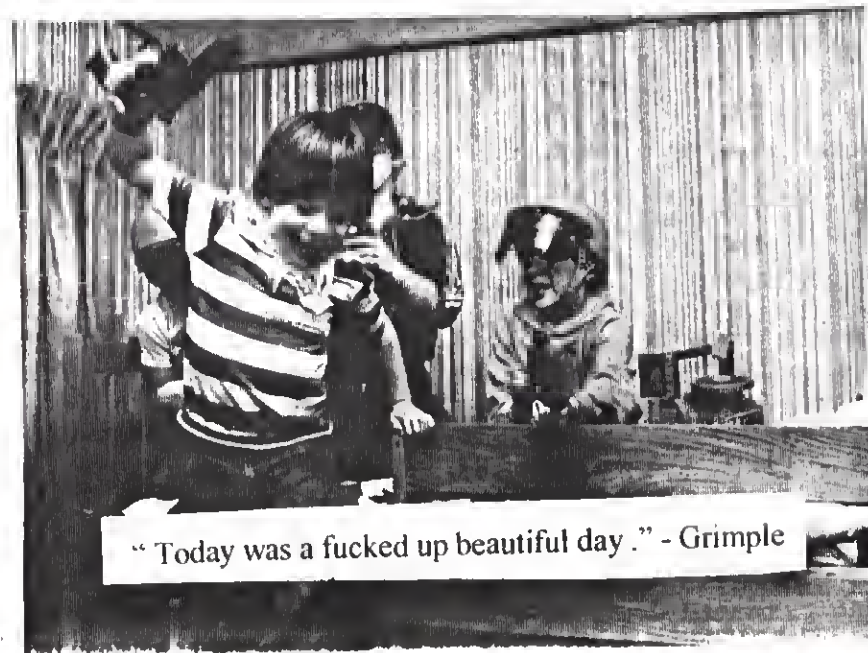
Matt at a college sponsored function : 1) He enters .
2) He grabs all the free stuff he can .
3) He leaves .

Where am I going with all of this ? Quite truthfully , I have no clue . I hope it's a fun ride though



Do you ever notice the ruts we get stuck in ? I know that two years ago , all I would do is goto school , goto work , goto shows , and watch television in-between . There is so much to see and do that I never even thought about . Just the other day , I went to a high school band competition . For two bucks I had a day of music ahead of me . People I could watch . I spend entire days in parks when it's warm now . I sit by fountains , soaking my feet in the water . I approach strangers on the street and try to start conversations . I read in the sun for hours upon end . Some days , I lay back and dream . I stare at the stars at night . I jump on trains for a hundred yards or so , just to reassure myself that I am free to leave anytime I want . I sit around with people I know and talk about silly things that no one cares about except for us . I think I'm learning how to live .

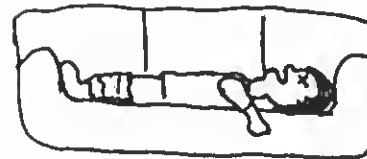
Sitting around in my room drinking screwdrivers with Kyle talking about Lincoln . We both know that we are as good as gone , but we want to finish off the semester (or year in Kyle's case) . Some guy is yelling in the hallway . Usually this pisses me off , but tonight I'm just chuckling . I found out that our hall supposedly has the most damage done to it out of all the residence halls . I live like an animal . David said he might come over , but he hasn't called so I think it's just Kyle and I this evening . I'm drinking out of a Pizza Hut glass I stole three years ago . In high school , my teachers thought I always had vodka in it when I would carry the cup around school . It was water back then , but three years later they are finally right . I used to think I was straight edge . Fuck the addictions , right ? Well , I realized that straight edge is a lot like Christianity . Be in control , hold your body as a sacred temple . Fuck that , control is an illusion . I don't drink to escape , I drink to dream . Some days , I feel like a heer , I want the taste in my mouth and that heavy beer feeling in my stomach . Is that a weakness ? Am I a bad person for wanting to see life differently ? I like the fluid relaxed state I maintain . I'm not a violent guy when I get drunk , actually I get nicer . I don't understand angry and aggressive drunks . I guess I'm just content with who I am , drunkenness just makes me more self aware . The world might suck , but at least I'm happy . Maybe that's a little self centered but I know that the chances of me truly changing the world are small . At least I know I can please myself . Straight edge is a choice , so is drinking . Just be responsible about whichever one you choose .



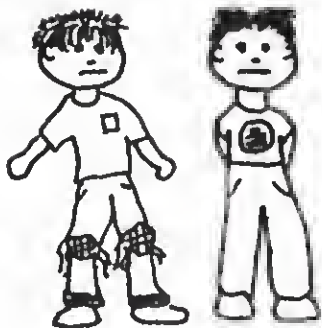
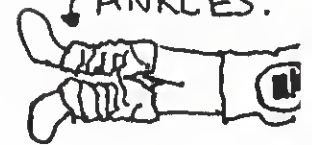
" Today was a fucked up beautiful day ." - Grimple

NOV. 11TH

ROBIN LET US CRASH
AT HER HOUSE



KYLE'S PANTS
WERE AT HIS
ANKLES.



MATT AND KYLE
COULDN'T GET A
RIDE TO THE SHOW
IN OMAHA



SO THEY DRANK
SCREWDRIVERS
TO PASS THE TIME.



PUKE
STAINS

KYLE PUKED ON
HIMSELF HALFWAY
THROUGH THE NIGHT.

KYLE DIDN'T
REMEMBER
ANY OF IT
THE NEXT
MORNING.



THE
END

BY: MATT INGLE



THEY DECIDED TO
WALK OVER TO
ROBIN'S HOUSE



DON'T MAKE
ME GET UP.

KYLE PUKED AND LAYED
DOWN A LOT ON THE WAY
THERE

The moral to this story
is: NEVER
MISS
A GOOD
SHOW!

